RESTORATION REVIEW

In Memoriam: Barton W. Stone . . .

"LET CHRISTIAN UNITY BE OUR POLAR STAR"

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Born in Port Tobacco, Maryland, he and his seven brothers and one sister suffered through the trying years of the Revolutionary War. But he was able to get a good education for a youth of his time, studying at Guilford Academy, a one-man institution that was conducted by a graduate of a famous log cabin school that was later named Princeton University.

Though apparently inclined toward the clergy, he never seemed to square with the *status quo.* When ordained by the Presbyterians in 1798 he was asked if he accepted the Westminster Confession of Faith. "I do as far as I can see it consistent with the word of God," was his sincere reply, prophetic of the theological upheaval that was to characterize his life. His first charge was to minister to two churches in rural Kentucky, Concord and Cane Ridge.

It was at Cane Ridge that the great revival took place that eventually changed the direction of Stone's life. The American frontier was secularistic and atheistic, with interest in religion at a low water mark. Even the church had largely imbibed the carnal spirit of the new world. The time was ripe for what is now known as the Great Awakening, beginning in New England with Jonathan Edwards and following the frontier west. On the eve of great revivals in his own area Stone observed: "Apathy in religious societies appeared everywhere to an alarming degree. Not only the power of religion had disappeared, but also

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The revivals served as an antidote for such apathy, for they were phenomenal in nature and so demonstrative of the power of the Holy Spirit that the rankest of sinners were led to repentance. What Stone say "on the edge of a prairie" in Logan county, Ky, "baffled description," as he put it. At the preaching of the Word many fell. to the ground as if dead, remaining there for hours" Then would come signs of life, with groans and piercing shrieks along with prayers for mercy. Even children spoke with eloquence and wisdom in declaring the wonderful works of God and the glorious mysteries of the gospel. "Their

appeals were solemn, heart-penetrating, bold and free" Stone testified. He believed it was of God, providentially ushered in for the purpose of reformation, even though. there was much fanaticism associated with it that he rejected.

The Cane Ridge revival took place in the summer of 1801, attracting 25,000 people, For five days and nights as many as seven preachers, representing several denominations, would address the multitudes at the same time at different parts of the camp, without confusion, Multitudes turned to the Lord. Stone described sinners responding to the gospel with various exercises known as the jerks, falling, dancing and laughing, and even barking. One infidel, a friend of Stone, approached him amidst such demonstration and reproached him for deceiving the people with such antics. Stone responded with a few gentle words, pitying the man for his implacability, At which point the man fell immediately as if dead, and rose no more until he had confessed the Lord.

We give this background so as to point out that it was out of such a Holy Spirit revival that the Restoration Movement in Kentucky was launched. It may appear odd to us now, a people known for our negative reaction to such experiences in the Spirit, that the Cane Ridge congregation, which may well be viewed as the first Church of Christ in America, began amidst a Holy Spirit revolution with such attending phenomena as jerks, shouts and faintings. It was in the heart of this revival that Stone stood in the Cane Ridge pulpit and urged Mark 16:16 upon the hearers.

Such goings on did not set well with Presbyterian officialdom, so Stone found himself at variance with his presbytery. Desiring to be a free man in Christ, one with the liberty to pursue truth wherever it may lead, Stone decided to withdraw from the Transylvania presbytery and organize his own. The old presbytery sent a committee to counsel with him, hoping to save him for Presbyterianism, only to have him convert some of the committee to his position! Finally Stone is excluded from the synod, the next highest court in the Presbyterian judicatory, along with several other ministers who had joined him. They formed the Springfield presbytery, which included the several churches ministered to by the preachers involved.

Stone and his followers rejected party names and sectarian creeds, adopting the name Christian; Stone believing this to be a divinely-appointed name for believers. Even so they saw that their own presbytery was prone to be sectarian in that it separated them from the body of Christ at large. So they drew up *The Last Will and Testament of the Springfield Presbytery,* in which they said: "We will that this body die, be dissolved, and sink into union with the Body of Christ at large; for there is but one body, and one Spirit, even as we are called in one hope of our calling."

The Stone group, now known throughout Kentucky simply as "Christians," continued to grow, with several new congregations being formed. While they had turned from sectarian names and creeds and accepted only the Bible as the rule of faith and practice,

and were committed to the union of all believers, they had not yet become immersionists. Committed to the scriptures as they were, these former Presbyterian preachers resolved that they should be immersed. The Baptists were unwilling to immerse them unless they resolved to become Baptists, so they proceeded to immerse each other. They did not, however, think of baptism in reference to remission of sins until some years later when Alexander Campbell entered the scene. Stone was later to recall how in these early years he had made periodic reference to Acts 2:38 and Mk. 16:16, but that the full import of such scriptures awaited the influence of Campbell.

The Stone wing of the Movement was, therefore, some 20 years older than Campbell's. When Stone and his fellow Presbyterian ministers were working their way out of the morass of sectarianism in Kentucky, Alexander Campbell was still a teenager back in Ireland. By 1809, the year Campbell arrived in this country, the Stone movement was well underway, and another 15 years were to pass before Campbell and Stone were to meet. These facts should help to correct a common misunderstanding, which is that the Restoration Movement began with Alexander Campbell.

But once the electrifying influence of Campbell began to spread, the Stoneites (known as "Christians") and Campbellites (known as Reformed Baptists or Disciples) began to recognize that they had a great deal in common and that they should be one people. John T. Johnson, a congressman before he became an evangelist under the influence of Campbell (finally baptizing 10,000 souls!), was a neighbor to Barton Stone in Georgetown, Ky., and it was through the passion that these men had for the oneness of the church that the Restoration Movement was united.

Preliminary discussions were conducted in Georgetown between a small group of leaders from both groups. But it was over the Christmas holidays of 1831 in Lexington that the union was finally consummated. Besides Johnson and Stone, the other leaders in the union included Raccoon John Smith, John Rogers, and John A. Gano. Consolidation of the union was assured by John Rogers, from the Stone churches, and Raccoon John Smith, from the Campbell churches, being appointed to visit together among the congregations so as to encourage fellowship. The union was further symbolized by Johnson and Stone serving as co-editors of the *Christian Messenger.*

Probably no man in our history has been as dedicated to the cause of unity as Barton Stone. Division to him was a grievous and inexcusable sin. When he moved from Georgetown to Jacksonville, Ill., he found the Movement divided into a Stoneite church and a Campbellite church, the groups indifferent to what had happened at Lexington a few years before. He would not identify with either of them until they became one congregation, which they did. If more of our leaders through the years had demonstrated this kind of intolerance to the idiocy of factionalism, we might well have avoided the many divisions that have occurred in our ranks.

It is ironic that a Movement that began as an effort to unite the Christians in all the sects should itself become the most divisive of any persuasion in Christendom. It would be like Quakers evolving into bitter warmongers or like Pentecostals becoming apathetic to the call to holiness. Not only did our pioneers preach unity, they also practiced it. The union effected at Lexington could only have occurred among people who were prepared to accept each other despite differences and to honor the right of private judgment.

The Stoneites saw the Campbell groups as woefully negligent of the work of the Holy Spirit and as too legalistic on baptism, Stone complaining as he did that many of the Campbell people would not accept disciples as Christians unless they are aware of being immersed for the remission of sins. Too, Campbell's coolness toward the name Christian, believing it was but a term of derision applied to disciples by pagans, disturbed Stone no little.

The Campbell wing, on the other hand, saw the Stone folk as far too speculative, and much to enamored with such theological questions as the incarnation and the atonement. And Campbell and Stone even found time to do some debating on these issues. Too, the Campbellites were far too rationalistic for the Stoneites. while the Stoneites were too "heart felt" for the Campbellites.

They had reasons enough to remain separated, and surely their differences were greater than many of those that keep the Movement divided today. The point is that they loved one another, a love that transcended the differences, a love that binds everything together in perfect harmony, as the apostle Paul puts it. Too, they realized that only a united church can lead the world to Christ, and they believed that their two groups shared in common those principles upon which the body of Christ could preserve the unity of the Spirit.

The magnanimity of Barton Stone had a lot to do with making the union possible. He was 16 years older than Campbell, and it was he, not Campbell, that had launched the movement to restore New Testament Christianity. Had he loved being the champion of a party more than he desired the oneness of Christ's body, he easily could have obstructed the rise of Campbell and taken those steps to preserve his own imminence. Many a leader since Stone has created or preserved a party for the sake of self-aggrandizement. But like John the Baptist looked upon the Christ, Stone saw in Campbell the leader that the Movement needed, and he was willing to decrease so that Campbell and the work of reformation might increase.

"I will not say there are no faults in brother Campbell," wrote Stone in his autobiography, "but that there are fewer, perhaps, in him, than any man I know on earth; and over those few my love would throw a veil and hide them from view forever." He graciously adds: "I am constrained, and willingly constrained to acknowledge him the greatest promoter of this reformation of any man living. The Lord reward him!"

He is greater than I! It is rare for one leader to say that about another, but then it is rare for party men to surrender their parties and seek the union that is in the Christ.

Campbell reciprocated by showing love and tenderness toward Stone, even amidst their controversies. When Stone entertained what Campbell saw as injurious opinions about the preexistence of Christ, he would write to Stone, insisting that he was "*Brother* Stone" and was accepted and loved as a brother since he looked to Jesus as the Lord of his life, whatever his view of the incarnation.

Stone and Campbell were able to effect a union because they both accepted the premise that personal opinions cannot be made the basis of fellowship. They insisted that the ground of fellowship is belief in the one grand proposition that Jesus is Lord and obedience to that one institution, immersion.

Stone was indeed the forerunner in our current efforts to unite the Restoration Movement. Once the Union was realized in 1831 in Lexington, he expressed the hope that the Movement would never again divide. How his brave old heart would be grieved to know that since his time we have divided upteen different ways. Unlike Stone who would not rest when he moved into a town and found two Restoration churches, we arc complacent as we reside in communities with six or eight different kinds of our congregations, none in fellowship with the others. The concerned and passionate soul of Barton W. Stone should be the conscience of us all as we celebrate the 200th anniversary of his birth.

"This union I view as the noblest act of my life," he said of the miracle at Lexington. May the mantle of his love for the unity of the body fall upon us today. Let us too realize that there is no work nobler than being a peacemaker in the divided ranks of God's people. "Let Christian unity be our polar star," was Barton Stone's constant cry. It was the rule and passion of his own life. And it reflects the right attitude toward unity, that it is a *means* to a much larger end rather than an end itself. Jesus prayed that the disciples would be one *so that the world will believe.* This is the glorious end of the union of believers, that the world will be led to the Christ. An ecumenicity that is an end in itself can only produce a vacuous institutional union, a super-church of some sort. Oneness of faith does not call for a conformity to a single super-church or an identity to some rigid doctrinal pattern. Congregations may well remain diverse, whether cultural or doctrinal, and still be one together in the Lord accepting and loving each other as fellow heirs of the promises.

Mariners watch the polar star for guidance to the goal in view. Stone saw that unity of believers is the road by which we reach the heart of an unbelieving world. A divided church contradicts the very message of love it proclaims. But when the world sees that believers love each other even when they do not agree, it is impressed. Jesus assures us that men will be convinced that we are disciples when they see our love for one another. This is our polar star. — *the Editor*

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The Travel Letters of Alexander Campbell . . .

IN JAIL IN GLASGOW

This is out tenth and final installment in our study of Alexander Campbell's travel letters. There is far too much yet to cover for us to do more than to consider some of the highlights; but these latter travels, covering roughly the last 15 years of his life, are in some ways the most revealing in that they reflect the mind of one who is critically evaluating the past as well as creatively living in the present.

Last time around we had brought Alexander back to Bethany in snow and ice after a long journey into Illinois and Missouri. A year or so afterwards, on April 22, 1847, he left for his longest journey of all, a trip abroad to the land of his fathers in Great Britain and Ireland. Along with numerous pieces of correspondence that he prepared while on this trip, he wrote 16 long letters to his eldest daughter, Clarinda, who was in fact the *youngest* daughter of his first wife, Margaret. These were passed on to co-editor W. K. Pendleton, and were distributed to readers of the *Millennial Harbinger* while Campbell was still abroad. These, along with information provided by his biographer, Robert Richardson, will be the chief source for this installment.

Alexander sometimes showed signs of being in no hurry. Though a fast steamer was by then available, he chose to sail to Liverpool on the Siddons, believing that the added luxuries of a slow sailing vessel would allow for some needed rest. By the time he embarked from New York he had already been gone from home almost a month, visiting and preaching along the way in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York.

In his first letter to Clarinda he tells her what to expect from the letters he planned to send each week, and they well reflect the lively interests of his entire life as well as in Europe: men and things, works of God and man, wonders and beauties of nature and art, customs and manners of saints and sinners, ways of both church and the world, books, sermons he both gives and hears. In other words, he was interested in *everything.*

At this time Ireland was suffering from a famine, and such notable of her children as Maria Edgeworth were asking for help from humanitarians in America, one of her letters appearing in the *Millennial Harbinger.* Alexander, like Paul of old. gathered funds from eastern churches, as well as from the congregation in Bethany, for the poor saints in Ireland. The St. Paul's street church in New York contributed 75 dollars "in British gold" into his care.

While yet in New York he had some interesting visitors to his quarters: a distinguished Roman Catholic prelate who had seceded from the Pope and with no place to go in Protestantism since he chose to be nonsectarian; a Canadian consul who was as devoted to the simplicity of Christianity as anyone Campbell had ever seen in the world of business and politics. Even more interesting was a visit with Robert Owen, whom Campbell had debated years before in Cincinnati. It provided an occasion for Campbell to tell his daughter that "of all *my* opponents in debate, the infidel Robert Owen was the most candid, fair, and gentlemanly disputant I have yet met with, and a saint in morality, compared with some of my opponents."

Sailing with him was James Henshall, who accompanied him all the way, himself preaching to many audiences along with Mr. Campbell. As they sailed out of New York, passing alongside Staten Island, Alexander pointed out the port where he had first set foot upon American soil some 38 years before. Friends in New York bade them adieu on board the Siddons, and then stood at the port waving to them until they could be seen no more. One of them wrote to Mrs. Campbell back in Bethany of her husband's departure, describing how their eyes were fixed upon the ship, then upon the sails, until there was but a speck on the vast horizon, and how finally that speck was swallowed up by the ocean.

Along with money for the distraught in Ireland, Mr. Campbell bore with him numerous documents and letters to be delivered to various ones in the Old World. One such was a letter from Henry Clay, which the statesman volunteered to send along as a means of introducing Campbell to various British dignitaries. Campbell used it in gaining audience with the American ambassador in London, through whom he was introduced to both the House of Lords and the House of Commons. He was able to hear Lord Brougham orate upon the floor, a man he had longed admired for his persuasive powers.

While on the high seas for 33 days he wrote to Clarinda in great detail of his visit to Trinity Church in New York, assuring her that he would feel much more at home worshiping in some upper room than "amidst such idle and unmeaning pageantry." He also wrote extensively of the sea that was bearing him to his old home, of the shoal of whales that sometimes exhibited themselves, the grampus and the porpoise, and mollusca. He wrote of the ocean bottom and its 8,000 species of fish then known to man, pointing out that God placed the terrain upon one vast ocean, and that below the water was an ocean of fire.

Several of the passengers became seasick, including Henshaw, who had to spend two days in bed. This gave Campbell pause to tell Clarinda that he had not spent a single day in bed for the last forty years of his life! Not only did he keep fit all the way to Liverpool, but he was ready when the captain of the ship asked him to address the passengers each Lord's day. The sea was sometimes so rough that he had to tie his chair to the dining table when doing his writing, lest he be tossed against the wall.

Once in England, he met speaking appointments first of all in Chester, Wales, and Liverpool. In Liverpool 2500 heard him speak on the Holy Spirit. He wrote at length about these places. their people, culture and history, revealing himself to be a most observant person. He told Clarinda of one Dr. Henry Cole, who back in the days of Bloody Mary, Queen of Scots, was commissioned by the queen to bear papers to Dublin authorizing persecution of the poor Irish Protestants. On his way he spent the night in Chester. The hostess of the inn, hearing the doctor comment on the nature of the papers in his box, managed to purloin them, replacing them with a deck of cards with the joker face up. Once in the presence of the Lord Deputy and the privy Council in Dublin, he was obviously most embarrassed upon the presentation of the box. Summoned to retrace his steps and receive proper authorization from the queen, it was all in vain, the queen in the meantime breathing her last.

He also tells his daughter about the wealth of the Marquis of Westminster, which even then totaled more than two and a half million dollars. Visiting his palace, he tells of the 800 acres of pleasure grounds, lakes, and fishponds, with swans and deer and 22 varieties of English trees.

He justifies the lengthy descriptions of the Marquis' wealth on the ground that it shows the littleness of human greatness. With all this wealth, Campbell observed, the Marquis cannot make a speech in the House of Lords. Nor does such wealth confer nobility of mind or produce or increase piety. "This world, then, in all its wealth and honors, never makes any man better, but generally makes him worse."

On and on the letters go. In Nottingham he visited the home of the celebrated Lord Byron ("greatly gifted but unhappy"). In Shrewsbury he walked along the banks of the Severn, "decidedly the most beautiful walk I have yet seen in England," and he tells Clarinda that Edward I resided there in 1277 and that it was a favorite retreat of Charles I. In Leicester he not only gave two addresses, but visited the Abbey where Cardinal Wolsey begged for a spot to be buried after living a life of luxury in the presence of the king who finally deserted him. Campbell was pleased to stand at the very spot where Wolsey pronounced the humiliating confession: "Had I served my God with half the zeal I have served my King, he would not thus have deserted my gray hairs."

In Leicester he also called at the home of Lady Jane Grey, who became Queen of England for ten days, only then to die at the shrine of Bloody Mary in the Tower of London. As he walked the gardens of her home he recalled Lady Jane's love of Plato and her refined learning and manners, as well as her unambitious and unassuming mind, thinking it melancholy that her end should be so tragic.

In London he delivered 15 discourses in seven different places, and he became so exhausted with such labors that he stole away to rest in Paris for several days, complaining that his French was not good enough to understand the people, talking as rapidly as they

did. In London's Hall of Debate he spoke on *Has God Ever Spoken to Man?* before an audience of skeptics. following which there was such an uproar of controversy that he finally took his hat and left. By midnight the skeptics settled down enough to pass a resolution thanking Mr. Campbell for his presentation.

He found Londoners indisposed to listen except at night, so he took advantage of daylight hours to visit places of renown, especially the great palaces of England, which he describes in great detail in his letters. The glory of Britain called forth his respect for Queen Victoria, whom he describes as "the most politically honored and admired woman in the world." He spent an entire day at Windsor palace, describing it as "one of the most magnificent in the world."

From London he went to Bambury, where he delivered three discourses at the Baptist Church. Then to Manchester and to Wigan; then to Huddersfield and Halifax. He spoke to large audiences all along, some days having as many as 3,000 auditors. He proceeded to Scotland, speaking at New Castle and Sunderland on the way.

At Berwick-upon-Tweed he addressed his first Scottish audience in a Church of Scotland, and he was heard with profound attention. It had been 38 years since he had left this land for the New World, being at that time a recent student at the university in Glasgow. In this, his twelfth letter home, he tells Clarinda that while speaking in the Scottish church he had never had such unhampered and unrestricted freedom. It must have been very surprising to her when upon reading her father's fourteenth letter, she found that it was written from inside a Glasgow jail!

He was in jail because of a suit filed against him for defamation of character by one James Robertson, a Baptist minister who was active in Scotland's anti-slavery society. A committee of the society called on Alexander once he arrived in Scotland to ascertain his views on slavery, since he was a prominent citizen of the slave state of Virginia. Not realizing who the men were and unaware of their intentions, he proceeded to express his disapproval of the antics of anti-slavery societies in both Britain and America.

The society proceeded to attack the Virginian with unrelenting vigor, even to posting placards in prominent places where Campbell was to speak. "Citizens of Edinburgh — Beware," the signs would read, "The Rev. Alexander Campbell of Virginia, United States of America, has been a slaveholder himself and is still a defender of man-stealers!"

All this stirred excitement, with people more eager to hear Alexander Campbell than ever. But he continued with his lectures, promising to give one lecture in which he would fully explain his position on slavery, though he was quick to label the attack on him both false and libelous. Later in the conflict he wrote to *Edinburgh Journal* from Aberdeen that he would be pleased to accept the anti-slavery society's challenge to debate the slavery issue with anyone they chose, including James Robertson, so long as he was not the Rev.

James Robertson who was publicly censored and excluded from the Baptist Church for violating the fifth commandment in reference to his own Mother.

He went on to lecture in Glasgow and Lanark, but while planning to go on into Ireland, he was arrested by the sheriff of Lanark and was not allowed to leave the country. Mr. Robertson was suing him for damages to the tune of 5,000 pounds. This was reduced to only 200 pounds, and Alexander was offered the necessary bond by friends, but still he chose to go to jail because "I thought it might be of great value to the cause of my Master if I should give myself into the hands of my persecutors." Mr. Robertson's attorney feared the consequence of Campbell's incarceration and offered to let him go on to Ireland and meet his appointments if he would promise to return on the day of the hearing. This Campbell would not do, refusing to honor the warrant. So he went to jail.

This displeased the Glasgow brethren, his refusing their offer for security and unnecessarily going to jail. But Campbell believed he was being persecuted for righteousness' sake and did not want to escape it.

But he was hardly destined for a hard time of it, not even in jail. Several sisters doted over him, sprucing up his cell so as to make it more like a hotel than a prison, and waiting upon him daily for all his needs. And he was visited by friends incessantly, there being as many as eleven in his cell at one time. This went on for ten days, at which time the judge found the warrant against him illegal and he was dismissed.

Among Campbell's weaknesses was a touch of stubbornness, and if his enemies resorted to dirty pool, he knew how to respond in kind. It is, after all, rather serious to accuse a man of incest with his own Mother. Such was rumored of one Rev. James Robertson which Campbell picked up while in Dundee, but there was no certainty of its truth; and if so, no assurance that his antagonist was the same man. In any event, if in writing to the Edinburgh newspaper he had omitted this reference, the matter would have passed more peacefully.

At this very time Mr. Campbell was suffering a loss back in Bethany far beyond what any prison could do to him. His eleven year old son, Wickliffe, drowned while swimming in Buffalo creek, leaving his Mother grief-stricken almost beyond repair.

This event set the stage for an experience for Mr. Campbell that has led mystics to claim him as one of their own, including no less that Arthur Ford, of the Bishop Pike-Arthur Ford TV seance fame, who referred to Campbell in one of his books as having unusual psychic powers. The day Wickliffe drowned his father was terribly disturbed in his sleep over in Scotland, so much so that he mentioned it at breakfast to his hosts, expressing fear that some calamity had befallen his family in Bethany. Ford also refers to the occasion in Alexander's youth when an old woman appeared to him in his room as he slept and foretold the impending shipwreck that would hinder his trip to America with his family to meet their father, but assuring him that we would eventually go to the New

World after all, that he would address vast audiences and be married twice. All this came true.

Campbell was now 60 years old, which was older then than it is now. His travels were mostly behind him, though he still had almost two decades to live. Some think he was never quite the same following the loss of Wickliffe, but he went on to have many more unusual experiences. In 1850 he again visited Baltimore and Washington, addressing both houses of Congress in the Capitol; and the same year he addressed the Indiana constitutional convention in Indianapolis.

In 1851 he toured Missouri again, mainly because the disciples there promised to endow a chair at Bethany College if he would, and in 1853 he visited Illinois, working for the college as well as the church. But his extended tours were about over, except that in 1857 the main building of Bethany College burned to the ground, and he again hit the trail, with W. K. Pendleton at his side, to raise $50,000 for the erection of what is now Old Main. This carried him as far as New Orleans.

In 1858 he was again in Washington to address a Baptist Church, and this time he had President Buchanan and part of his cabinet in the audience. In 1860 he took Mrs. Campbell with him on a visit to churches in Ohio and Indiana, but by this time the clouds of civil war were forming, with Alexander, unlike many citizens, well aware that military conflict was almost certain.

When Fort Sumter was attacked on April 12, 1861, Alexander Campbell was on a speaking tour in Charlottesville, Virginia, having with him both Mrs. Campbell and the famous Isaac Errett. He immediately can celled all engagements and hurried home to Bethany, noticing along the way preparations being made for the bloody conflict.

He was now 74 with only four more years to live. His travels were over. He would make lavish plans to visit with friends far and wide, only to be told by his family that it would be imprudent. In his senility he would talk at length of his many journeys, including elaborate descriptions of places he had never been, including the Holy Land. Though now relieved of his duties at the college, he would nonetheless make preparations to attend his morning class, only to be reminded that he did not have to.

Now his hair and beard were silvery white. The war he so much opposed raged on. The circulation of *Millennial Harbinger* was reduced drastically due to its large readership in the South, with which there was no communication. Bethany College suffered so much that it almost had to close down.

The same month that they killed Lincoln, Mrs. Campbell took Alexander to Louisville to visit their daughter Virginia. Here God seemed to have given him one last vial of strength, for he addressed both the First and Second Christian Churches with a vigor that reminded his hearers of his prime years. But on the steamer back home up the Ohio he was

unable to respond when two Presbyterian ministers came to him and asked that he address those on board.

Mrs. Campbell also took him to see his lifetime friend James Foster, who lived but a few hours from Bethany. Foster and Campbell had frolicked together as boys back in Ireland, and they were pioneers together on the American frontier. And for over a half century they were co-laborers in the cause of reformation, Foster being a member of the old Brush Run church and among the first to follow Campbell in being immersed. Campbell was 76 and Foster was 79.

When the two men met they embraced and wept, and after spending several hours of delightful conversation upon their favorite themes and fond recollections of a lifetime, they said goodbye for the last time.

He spoke at the Bethany church one more time, basing his remarks on Eph. 1, and Dr. Richardson says it was one of the most interesting and animated discourses of his life, dwelling in the most eloquent terms upon the blessings that are in Christ.

Then on March 4, 1866 he embarked upon the greatest journey of them all. Selina was at his bedside, assuring him that the Savior would accompany him through the valley of the shadow of death. His last words were, “That He will, that He will!”

What a series of travel letters that would be!

As G. D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville Journal, wrote of him: “Surely the life of a man thus excellent and gifted, is a part of the common treasure of society. In his essential character he belonged to no sect or party, but to the world.” — *the Editor*

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MINI-MEETING NOTES

In late October I was with the Emerson Street Church of Christ in Bloomington, Illinois. This is the congregation that is now known far and wide for having formed itself out of two groups, a Christian Church and a Church of Christ. They are aware of being pioneers and they are thankful for the example they have set. They have been described in the press as “reversing a trend,” and we will all agree that it is high time to reverse our ugly habit of division. While they took the name Church of Christ, they elected to use the organ since the non-instrument group saw no scriptural objection. Anyway, they love one another and are working for the Lord. And they are growing. Jack Thompson is supported by the group as minister both in the congregation and to the university community. My dear friends, Bob and Betty Duncan, are members, Bob being a professor at nearby Illinois State University. But I was able to visit in the homes of several other families. who are indeed a great credit to the work there. While the non-instrument churches in the area look

askance at Emerson Street, seeing it as not quite a Church of Christ and not quite a Christian Church, the situation could be far worse, for there are some responsible contacts across the lines in the Restoration family.

But Emerson Street does make for an interesting question: *Are they a Church of Christ with an organ or are they a Christian Church with the Church of Christ name?* Having been with them somewhat now, I would say that they are simply the body of Christ with their own particular uniqueness in Jesus. Need they be anything else?

An interesting brother in the area is Flavil Yeakley, Jr., who ministers to the Four Seasons Road Church of Christ (non-instrument), a congregation that at least treats Emerson Street decently if not brotherly. Flavil is doing graduate work in psychology, and he is presently involved in trying to psychoanalyze the pattern of division in Church of Christ-Christian Churches. Why are some issues divisive and others not? Why do some factions survive and become permanent sects while others or not? What are the marks of a sect leader? In pursuance of such questions as these Flavil will likely make an important contribution to our better understanding ourselves.

November was about as tight a schedule as is possible in these days of jet travel. I addressed the First Christian Church in Miami on first Sunday, then spent that week at the Pan American Lectureship in Quito, Ecuador, flying from Miami. Next came a visit with two churches, one a Christian Church and the other a Church of Christ, in Durham and Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The third Sunday found me with Eastside Church of Christ in Farmington, N. M., followed by a visit with the Gallup Christian Church in Gallup, N. M.

I spent Thanksgiving with Carroll and Maudine Wrinkle in Ft. Wingate, where they both teach in an Indian school Maudine is the younger sister of my own Ouida. and all that it will take for her to be as gracious and beautiful as Ouida is a few more years. It simply takes time, as with an Oak tree, for one to attain Ouida’s excellence, and that but for few.

The Wrinkles have a lovely family of three children, the oldest being taller than his Daddy and well on his way to beating all the Indians playing basketball. The girls are enough like Ouida to be her own. The Wrinkles have a ministry of love among the Indians. One red lad, who had been something of a problem (They all are problems!), surprised Carroll by blurting out “I love you.” Another, who has not yet been victimized by Carroll’s love, has threatened to kill him!

Maudine has group therapy with ten little Indian girls, but not necessarily sitting on a wall and not always just ten. What they want most is her tender loving care. They’ll come to her time and again during a session, asking for another kiss. I gather from what I saw and heard that the Indians who are in charge of other Indians have other than a love ministry.

I also had a session in the home of Alice O'Bryan in Albuquerque before coming home. At month's end I was in Atlanta for a meeting with some 20 leaders of Disciples of Christ, Christian Churches, and Churches of Christ with a view of creating deeper fellowship at more creative levels, the further nature of which I am not at liberty to comment upon at this time.

I especially enjoyed my visit in the home of Bob and Virgie Lee Shaw and with First Christian (Disciples) in Miami. Bob has longtime been pastor there and is greatly loved and respected. He has shared in some of our unity meetings, and he is widely known for his work with the Fellowship for a Free and Responsible Church, a committee concerned for what is happening to the Disciples in their restructure plans. He continues to work for peace and harmony in the Restoration family of churches, and how I do love him for that. People who suppose that the Disciples are all wild-eyed liberals who want to flyaway to nether land in COCU need to visit with Dr. Shaw and learn what is going on. But the Disciples as a whole are in trouble, that's for sure. It is too bad that we failed through the years to cultivate such love and friendship with them that we could not be of help. It may not be too late for us to do some things.

The visit to Ecuador was slightly disappointing, one reason being I got sick, as did a number of the 140 American visitors, including Reuel Lemmons. But I got to be with good friends like Dick and Nell Smith (and Nell's mother), Oles and Bernice Pinson, and Ruby Hicks and her sister all who live within 150 miles of Denton, Texas in a foreign land. And I was able to renew acquaintance with a number of ministers working in Latin countries, including Harlan Overton and Dan Coker. Dan is quite a tease. He told the planeload of our folk that it would really take care of the boredom if they'd let Leroy Garrett tell about the time that they threw him in jail at Freed-Hardeman College!

I didn't buy that, but rather spent much of the night talking with two widows from Pensacola, Florida, both of whom lost their husbands this year! I told them I thought they were real troopers for going on and making the trip that the *four* of them had planned together. Besides, they'd never heard of Leroy Garrett, so I took refuge by their warm side as we glided through the night in a prop jet for Ecuador. I figured that what they didn't know wouldn't hurt them!

In Quito I drew a roommate from, of all places, Sunset School of Preaching. I figured that only the Lord would have arranged that, and it was indeed a beautiful new friendship. And it confirmed what I have long come to see, that we can no longer categorize people as this or that, no matter where they hang their hat or attended school, including Sunset School of Preaching.

While I found Ecuador beautiful, I was disappointed in the format of the program. It was a listening lectureship, with no questions or discussion. And the speakers were not all that interesting nor were the subjects all that vital. The blessings were in being with

brothers and sisters in the Lord, and the affair makes for good tourism. Too, it motivates an awareness and concern for foreign work.

One day we were there was Election Day, U. S. A., and we all wondered how much McGovern was beating Nixon, until Reuel Lemmons came in with word from the U. S. Embassy that Nixon was indeed ahead of McGovern. We were all really shocked, but the lectureship droned on, awaiting those breaks when we could visit each other. I enjoyed the visit I had with Reuel. He told of the beginning of the lectureship nine years ago when but five attended, and "Now we have all this," he said thankfully as he nodded to a crowd of upwards of 200. He agreed that the lectureship, which he is largely responsible for, is one of the most satisfying accomplishments in his ministry.

But I still say that they should take a page from J. D. Thomas and his Preacher's Workshop or from our Unity Forums and enliven the thing with some old-fashioned give and take. They would also do well to reach out and include missionaries from other wings of the brotherhood. It is too mainline Church of Christ. The Independent Christian Church brethren in Brazil have a similar lectureship in which they include our folk. No problem really, for it is easy to be nonsectarian that far from home, unless indeed we take too much of home along with us!

December will not be so hectic, and I plan to be home more during the winter, tying up loose ends and getting acquainted with the family. I will be in Plano with the Westview Church of Christ on Dec. 3 and with the Central Texas Preachers' Meeting in Waco on Dec. 4, but these are near home. Later in the month I go to Arkansas City, Kansas, and then to the Hartford Forum in Illinois, Dec. 28-29. Then Jan. 8-10 will be "the Great Shootout" at Abilene at the Preachers' Workshop, where I'll be responding to Dr. Frank Pack on the cessation of spiritual gifts and Carl Ketcherside will present his views on fellowship. And where Reuel Lemmons will be responding to none other than Cecil Willis on the cooperation question, and where G. B. Shelburnc and Norman Gipson will discuss the Sunday School question. And where Don Finto. of the controversial Belmont congregation in Nashville, will state his case, with Delmar Owens responding.

Whew! I'll stop there. We may all stop there. — *the Editor*

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OFFICE NOTES

The annual Hartford Forum will be Dec. 28-29 at the Church of Christ, 137 E. Maple St., Hartford, Illinois, across from St. Louis. It is "a gathering of free men in Christ for exploration of 20th century problems related to the fellowship of the Spirit." This annual affair has been in the forefront of the current unity movement. Topics for discussion include the nature of women's work in the church, the grounds for exclusion from fellowship, the nature of worship, "Jesus people" and how church should respond to them, and interracial marriage. Speakers are Harold Key, Wayne Hall, Grayson Ensign, Leon Fancher, Charles Holt, Boyce Mouton, Kirk Prine, Roy Weece, Hoy Ledbetter, and Leroy Garrett. Carl Ketcherside, president over the sessions. Write Berdell McCann, 127 Donna Dr., Hartford, II. 62048, or call 618-254-6454 for housing information.

The Preachers Workshop at ACC this time around will be Jan. 8-10. Subjects include the Sunday School question, church cooperation, pacifism, miracles, fellowship, social drinking, the Holy Spirit in life of Christians, and abortion. Gene Shelburne, Reuel Lemmons, Cecil Willis, Don Finton, Frank Pack, Roy Lanier, John Scott, Harold Hazelip, Carl Ketcherside, and Leroy Garrett are among the speakers. The restriction of preachers only is taken seriously, but each is free to decide for himself if he is a preacher. Write to J. D. Thomas, ACC Station 7868, Abilene 79601 for information booklet.

Signals from the Bible is a weighty little volume for only 1.95. It approaches the scriptures by studying some of its key terms, such as truth, sin, justice, heaven. Along the way it opens windows, giving us signals for deeper understanding. What does Psalms 119:25 mean by "My soul cleaves to the dust"? The Dutch author of *Signals* shows that it means "I am just as good as dead." He stresses the point that New Testament writers looked to the Old Testament as their scripture, and so the New must always be interpreted in light of the Old. He is sharp with words, showing for instance that *kindness* in the Bible means loyalty to a person.

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